The Great Humorist Braves a Big Storm.

INTERVIEWS POCOMOCO.

John Darn and His Buffalo French...A Chief Pours Out His Tale of Woe to a Great Humorist.

We wisited the falls on the day of the blizzard which wrecked Reading and which wound up by tipping the suspension foot bridge at Ningara into the river below. The falls have sen visited in summer and in winter, in the broad glare of day and the soft and mellow moonlight, but very few people have gone there during a blizzard.

The day broke moist and measly at BuTalo, but at noon the gray and choppy clouds scattered a little and a patch of sky could now and then be discovered. Eating a hasty meal, our party, arrayed in alpenstocks and conos rectitude, began the ascent from Buffalo by a circuitous route. We reached Niagara Falls station, whence we proceeded by drosky to our chalet. Here we alighted. The chalet is kept by a native American, and after our long journey from Buffalo it was good to once more hear the music of our own language. Hastily eating a light lunch, we put on our topcoats, and in charge of a John Darm we proceeded by diligence towards the falls via the American side.

The storm now burst upon us in all its

fury, and the rain descended in the wildest profusion, saturating the falls and rendering them well nigh impassable. Our muleter covered himself with his pontoon, wrapped his tarpaulin around his cars, and while our stender diligence swayed in the blast be drove us across to Goat Island. The thunder of the immense volume of water was now swallowed up by the mighty rear of the bursting tempest, and then, as it died away like the wail of a perishing soil, one would again hear the sullen thunder of the great American dam site.

We now began the descent on the side of Goat Island looking towards the Great Horse Fall. The rain fell in torrents, and as our umbrollas had been turned wrong side out by the blast, we were soon wet to the skin. There we stood in the presence of the grentest spectacle America can produce, perhaps, outside of congress. Like an egotistical author Niagara for centuries has been pouring over its own works. It is really, however, beyond criticism. I went there thinking that if the Falls really deserved scathing, I would scath them through the press and injure their business; but I must say that, like Mr. Booth, they deserve their great success, and I do not blame them for respecting themselves and having their pictures taken every little while and getting their names in the papers. They deserve all the glory they have got, and far be it from me to put a straw in the way of the progress of Niagara Falls. We next went down to the Whirlpool, and

on the way a detachment of John Darms es-corted us with an air of suspicion. Our drosky driver evidently watched us every moment like a cat. At the whiripool we alighted again, being narrowly watched by the driver and a John Darm from Cohoes. Here as we reached the brink of the cliff

the blismed struck us amidship, and the great Ningara which has assisted so many operance lecturers in scaring to death the moderate drinker seemed to become silent in the presence of old Mr. Blizzard, from the wild and unkempt west. Just then my high sfik hat, which I wear in ascending the Alps and doing the tourist act generally, went up into a large blue hole in the sky, and while I was watching it the square red remark, "Keep off the gram," with an iron rod on one side, swatted me across the organ of alimen-

The storm was now at its height. The roof of the botel gently lifted with the breeze, and through the fast falling rain we could see a surprised gentleman in his room just emerg-ing through the neck band of a bright new shirt. With a look of horror and wonder he tried to pull down the roof again and concent himself, but he could not do so.

The storm now took off its coat and shrieked, while the Whirlpool was lashed to its greatest fury, and at the Whirlpool bazar genuine Indian moccasins, made in Connectiout went down to \$3 a pair. I made a movement towards the brink of the precipice, in-tending to peer down over it into the boiling when I felt the grasp of a gendarme on my shoulder and I was jerked back with an eath which would have sworn in a whole widents at a presidential election.

"Mossieur fool heemself!" said the John Darm in pure Buffalo French, with a slight patois of the Rue de Main street. Then grinding his teeth be managed to make me understand that I had stated in Buffalo that "I was going over the falls and through the whiripool," but that a nemeris was on my trail. It is very disagreeable to have your trail stepped on by a nemesis, and so I ex-plained that I meant to be figurative, and so, when the John Darm had opened my overcoat and found that I was not dressed in tights with double lended bridge jumping shoes, he allowed me to pass. It was here at the banar that I must my old friend Poco-moco, of the Finte tribe of Indians. "And what are you doing here, so far away from home, Pocomoco? I asked, in the light running domestic accents of the Pinte tengue.

"I am here," he replied in the same lan-mage, "to procure our regular supply of Indian relies for the coming year. We can-not compete any longer with Connecticut in the manufacture of genuine Indian relics. So we come to Niagara Falls for them. We also get most of our ornamental bend work done in England, and our ornamental mas mare business is done there too. The white man has facilities which we do not have, and so the red man's goose is practically cooked. We buy all our weapons and headache sticks now at New York. We get our bows and Botton furnishes us with our lingerie.
We can buy arrow heads cheaper than
we can make them, and why should
see toll over a home made arrow head all day when he can steal a horse in ten eminutes that will bring us nice new relics enough to last us a year? We have in our tribe favored free trade, and so we with our infant industries are thrown into direct competition with the pauper relic makers of the Bowery. You can buy a good sculp at Chatham square for sixty-nine cents teday, and so the war path is practically overgrown with grass. In a year or two men with sample cases will no doubt visit the Indian tribes and cases will be supply of everything in that sme. We are utterly discouraged. There has not been a warlies attitude among the es since the Buckwheat Pancake Ontbreak of '55."-Bill Nye in New York World.

Woman (to tramp)—There, I have obeyed the divine injunction to "Feed the hungry," and now I hope you will remember that one good turn deserves another, and chop a little

Tramp-I'm very sarry, mum, but I've got

an engagement, an' must a hurry off.

"Why, what have you to do?"

"It is my solema duty, mun, to go out into the highways and byways, and teil hungry gents like myself that this 'ore house is a place to git a square meal."—New York good pin Weekly,



Everything in the Style.

Senator Matt Ransom is tack from North Carolina, happy over his re-election and handsomer than ever. His pose for the galleries is strengthened by some new elementa. A brother senator who congrutulated Ransom on his re-election slipped back into the cloak room and fold this story:

"I never see Matt Ransom without thinkfair in the state there. One year a lank, lean mountaineer brought a horse down to the fair. It was blind, spavined and had the glanders. A sorrier looking beast couldn't be found in that country. The horse dealer howel his country. showed his paces all around the track, "Take a look," he cried, 'at the finest hous

cthampton county. "He had gone half way around the track

when a man came up to him and said:
"Thook heah, strunger, that hose is blind." "'Can't help it, it's the finest bess in Northampton county, and the mountaineer assed on a little further. Somebody else enck him and said:

"Hello, there, that hoss is lame," Still the mountaineer called out:

"Take a look at the finest hose in Northpton county. He had got around the circle when Matt som met him. Thinking he would have

me fun the senator went up and said:
"That the finest horse in Northampton
unity! Why, it's lame, blind, and whomes like thunder. What are its good points?

"The mountaineer sized the senator up, sanged his cud of tobacco, and said: "Can't help that, boss; its name is Matt Reason, and it's — on style. That makes it the firest boss in Northampton county." ashington Cor. New York Tribune.

A Cheap Lesson.

"That piece of paper isn's worth shucks, is " queried a stranger as he handed a check to the eashier of a Griswold street bank was the reply after a brief

'It is signed John Smith."

'He's a fraud?" "I think so. Where did you get the

"At the depot. Lent a party \$30 to get off on a train with, and he gave me this check of \$50 as security."
"You have been confidenced."
"I know it. I knew it half an hour ago.

Then I started to come to town my brother aid I'd let some one make a fool of me."

"And you have." "I have. Turned out just as he said. Say, usn't that confidence operator rather fresh?" "How!"

"See here. Here's a wallet with \$3,500 in , and the fool only asked we for \$20! Won't e kick himself if he ever finds out how cheap se let me off?"—Detroit Free Press.

Milliount-There I must tell you a secret. lear—Mr. Sanders proposed to me last night. Ruby—How delicious: You accepted him,

ally had to. I think we will get along nicely, ion't you! Ruby—Ever so nicely! As you know, he is

ot at all fastidious.—Binghamton Repub-

A Gentle Hint, She-What's that noise on the street, Mr. Stalong? Could you distinguish ft?
Mr. Stalong—Some neisy fellow going

Sho-Oh! I thought it sounded like new boys calling out the morning papers. - Bur lington Free Press.

Look Before You Leap.



He-You wouldn't care to know Goodfel. ow, Miss Smurt: he's awfully had form-a She-But I do know him.

He-Really now! She-Yes, and 1 am going to marry him

next month. - Scribner's Magneine

Poll and the Cat. The following story of a parrot and a cat is told by Dr. Romanes: One day the cat and the parrot had a quarrel. I think the cat had upset Polly's food, or something of that kind; however, they seemed all right again.
An hour or so after Felly was standing on
the edge of the table; she called out in a tone
of extreme affection, "Pass, pass, come then

-come then, pussy!"

Pussy went and looked up innocently cough. Polly with her beak seized a basin of milk standing by, and tipped the basin and all its contents over the cat. Then she chuckled maliciously, of course broke the braska State Journal.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

A Few Earnest Kicks from the Enterpris-

We take the following extracts from a late sum of The Arizona Weekly Kicker: "APOLOGETICAL.-We are compelled to spologize to our subscribers for the typo-graphical appearance of the present issue. Owing to the snow blockeds, a keg of ink which we ordered weeks ago failed to reach us, and rather than miss an issue we compounded a substitute. We don't seem to have hit the right proportions, or else mo and lampblack are not the proper substi-

"As it will be impossible for subscribers to make out any of the reading matter, we will solace them with the statement that there is little or nothing worth reading. We hadn't much time to give to the paper last week, and it is just as well that we hain't. It would have been time thrown away."

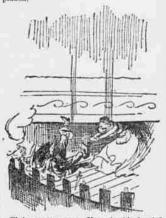
"THE USUAL REWARD.-We understand that Arizona Joe, Col. Hilton, Dick Fenshaw and other ingrates are going about with the statement that we were horsewhipped by the Widow Burnham one day last week. When we refer to these hyenns as living liars, we do so in all gentleness. We can't afford to get mad and kick such freaks of nature. Arizona Joe is wearing a collar we lent him from our slim stock, and if any one will rip the colonel's coat down the back he will find one of our undershirts surrounding the ingrate's body. When Dick Fenshaw struck this town he hadn't eaten anything but pig wood for three days, and he was trying to make a pack cards cover his nakedness. We filled his stomach, gave him a coat and lifted him out of the slough. This is our reward. Sick transit! Sick gratitude! Sick hyena!"

"WELCOME BACK.—Professor Whitewater intered. The Kicker office day before vester-"I never see Matt Ranson window shows in his offer an absence of about ten monus spacing of an incident they tell about down in his own neighborhood. They have the biggest in the penitentiary. He was unfortunate on the state there. One year a lank, lean shows the state there. day with beaming smile and extended hand, after an absence of about ten months spent it best for him to take a little vacation.
"The professor returns home looking in

good health and filled with enthusiasm of the progress the town has made during his absence. We welcome him. A little state prison experience hasn't burt him, nor won't burt any of our townsmen."-Detroit Free



Elvira-Oh, Reginald! My lovet My-Reginald (passionate, but inemperianced)— too in: Elvirat Farewellt With this blow I end my earthly woes:



Elvira tsotto vocei-You chuckle headed curtain for !- Life.

General Roddy's Bullies. Here is a good story told of Roddy's Con-

federate cavalry: One day the troopers were about to go into battle dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The were drawn up to count from right to resents the name of a fish.

Of course every fourth man felt jolly and this is the way the count went on:
"One," "Two," "Three," "Bully!" "One,"
"Two," "Three," "Bully!" etc. Gen. Roddy peard each fourth man call out "Bully." His face finshed. When all had called off he ald: "Numbers one, two and bully will go into the fight as dismounted cavalry. Number three will hold the horses." There were a good many sick "bullies" that day,-Chi-

 $\begin{array}{c} {\bf Mnst~Get~Even.} \\ {\bf \Lambda~Kingsten~dentist~says~be~had~an~odd~ex}. \end{array}$ perience the other day. A man came into his office and told him he wanted a tooth pulled. After he had been scated in the dentist's chair be said: "Now, don't pull it all at once; pull it a little, then case up on it, and punish the pesky thing! punish it! It en punishing me for a month."-Kingston Freeman.

A Husband's Flattery.
Wife (who wants a tailor made snit, but as only hinted at its-Did you notice Mrs. De Pink's figure!

Husband (who smells a rat)—Yes, poor

woman; she has no figure at all, and, like other women of that sort, has to depend on tnilor made suits. Now you, my love, are a Hebe in anything.—New York Weekly.

No Prospect. "Emeline," said the mother of that en-chanting young lady, "do you think that Mr. Flatbroke has made up his mind to propose

"I'm alraid not, mother," replied Emeline sadly. "He was bragging about his appetite only yesterday."—Chicago News.

In Rugged English At school one day our Beth's teacher, no-ticing her little brother's absence, asked her if Robin were ill.

"Oh, no'm, andeed," Beth answered promptly, "he'th thick."-Youth's Compan-

A Financial Episode. First Crock-Making any money nowadays, Jack?

Second Crookcond Crook-Lots of it, "I'm in business as a counterfelter."-Ne-

No. 233.-Tangled Verse. sarwest then thdeels em Hsti retha litis sturu to hete; Ety od ton uhiti I otbdu ehet, I okwn yth tiurh inersam, I lilw otn ellv tiwhuol teeh Rfo lal het dwlor sentnaio.

No. 289.—A Basket of Flowers.

(a) "The fateful flower beside the rill."

(b) This will bring to mind "Thoughts of the court of the cou Tis also a game of this season.

(c) Precise, and "the queen of flowers."(d) A vehicle, a people, and the whole is a (e) Artificial fireworks.
(f) A part of speech, a vowel- and a nega-

(g) A summons, a goddens, a consonant and a little girl.

(h) A verb in the present tense and an in-ii) "Oh, a rare old plant is the — green."
 ij) One of a royal house, a letter and an

(lo A town in England and a hollow me-tallic vessel.

No. 296.—Metagram.

Whole, I am a small animal. Change my head, and I become in succession, regard, food, excellent, to cut, venture, naked.

No 291.-Numerical Enigma. No 1911.—Numerical Engina.

Ny whole consists of letters six,
Without me you are in a fix;
liy 1, 2 and 5 a conjunction shows.
Becersed, it is used for washing clothes.
My 4, 5 and 6 is a weight you'll see,
leversed, a negative it will be;
And lastly, to conclude, I'll add
My whole has eyes, but its slight is bad.

No. 292.—A Riddle—Old but Good. A box has also ears of corn in it. A squir-rel carries out three ears a day, and it takes him nine days to carry the corn all out. How

No. 203.-Words Within Words No. 200.—Words Within Words.
Affirmation—A girls name.
Things of little value—A kind of firearm.
A hank officer—A tree.
Small wheels—A hankoune flower.
A troffsame loop—An animal.
A game bird—To pinch.
A game bird—To pinch.
A game bird—To pinch.

No. 294. - An Arithmetical Mystery. Thirteen commercial travelers arrived at an inn and each desired a separatoroom. The landlady had but twelve vacant rooms, which may be represented thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 But she promised to accommodate all a of the travelers into room No. I, asking ther of the travelers into room No. 1, asking them to remain a few minutes together. Traveler No. 3 she showed into room No. 2, traveler No. 4 she showed into room No. 3; traveler No. 5 into room No. 4; traveler No. 5 into room No. 4; traveler No. 5 into room No. 5, and so on until she had put the twelfth traveler into room No. 11. She then went back to where she had left the two travelers together, and asking the thirteenth traveler to follow her led him to No. 13; the remaining room. Thus all were accommodated. Evaluin the newstery.

dated. Explain the mystery. No. 295.-Two Diamonds and a Word

Square.
First diamond—A consonant; to place; without noise; a boverage; a letter.
Second diamond—A letter; part of the face; a boundary; a hole; a letter.
Word square—Fearless; a root; to fit; a kind of snake; over and above.



Each of the little pictures in the above rep-

There is no answer to the following comm frum. No one has ever been able to find

arum. No one has ever been able to find hen. Perhaps you may be more lucky. It sight to be good: A handless man had a letter to write, Twas read by one who had no sight; Dumb was he who spote the work. And deaf was he who latened and heard. Pity there's no answer. Ask it to people nd pretend there is an answer-make em

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The man that caught the tartar in on ex-ibition a few doors from G. W. Davis, gent.



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(b) First, a sphere, and, second, "the fair-est, freshest and choicest part of anything." (m) A sport and an inventive. (m) A bird (in the possessive) and a part of the same. WOOD, KINDLING & SLABS.

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